

Malmesbury went away; not from my mourning for that event, but from my want of somebody to force me out. But the other day I emerged, and honoured with my presence a morning concert at M. Senovert's, who was an officer, and son to a president of Toulouse, but is now a snuff-merchant. He went over to England with Monneron last year, to offer a negotiation, but got no farther than Canterbury. He occupies Madame de Polignac's hotel, Rue St. Dominique.

The company assembled at two. The men were clean,¹ many in English dresses, but there were also a good many *extremes*, or *incroyables*, *en oreilles de chien*; that is, with their hair plaited and done up very tight behind, like an old-fashioned chignon, and in front two curls or tresses a foot long, just parted in the middle of the forehead and hanging down the cheeks upon the waistcoat. Two of them I remarked as being particularly ridiculous; one side only was in curls

¹ This reminds me of a somewhat similar observation made by Lord -, who, being at Brussels immediately after the arrival of King Leopold, in 1831, and having re-

turned to it again three years after,
exclaimed, " Things
are mightily improved since my last visit; for
then, when
I went to dine out, I was obliged to walk
through a
puddle to take the polish off my boots, as I did
not like to
look particular. Now they actually all clean
their boots
and shoes with French varnish 1"